

**Soaps.**  
103 Varieties made by  
**Colgate,**  
Oldest and Largest Amer-  
ican maker. The favorite is

# Cashmere Bouquet

---

## BRISK SUNDAY AT CONEY.

For an End-of-the-season Day It Was a Hummer.

The Coney Island season is supposed to end with Labor Day, but many thousands chose to disregard this tradition yesterday and spent their holiday at the gorgeous seaside show, where they had put in many preceding Sundays. The weather was hot, hotter by several degrees than in the city, and the first impulse of the average excursionist when he was engaged into a crowded railroad depot was to say things not complimentary to his wisdom and discretion.

Coney Island's inhabitants, who have become accustomed to closing up their businesses after

Most of them had laid in only a limited supply of beer and eatables, had discharged half their force of waiters and concert hall performers, and were prepared only for a small crowd. But increasing supplies and getting extra beer on short notice is something quite ordinary at Coney Island; therefore, the complaints based on the lack of food and drink here were with just the celebrity they deserved were not more numerous than usual.

The *Soubrette*, encumbered, as she was with ungainly legs, fit only for street wear, pitched her head back and held her hands aloft, her stockings in a more artistic manner than the Bowers had witnessed in many a show she was running. It was the only one I saw to be so, the police when the Oriental show houses are raised high on poles, and a high pine box in front of this show and brought the crowd to pay one dime to see the show. The first living thing I saw was a man by Mohammed and others that, in spite of the fact that they were in a more than their hair stand on end and their eyes to the show at the same time, a show which was designed to show the audience that the show was a show. I worked himself into a greater passion of the audience, and never shed more perspiration at his show than I did at this. I saw the show. This speaker had to be eloquent, because the show was "meered" by every person who saw

"Is it a genuine couchee-couchee?" asked a person who looked as if he were going in for a good deal of business in the real estate and closure. "No, it's a fake," said the speaker, "but I'll give you a fake anyway."

It was the opinion every person leaving the show seemed anxious to corroborate. The police wouldn't allow the fake. But the speaker was so sure of himself that he continued to encourage conditions. His piece was interrupted at short intervals by a great rattle from the crowd, and he continued to encourage the couchee-toute.

You know what that noise means, don't you? You all know what that noise means. It isn't necessary for me to say another word about it.

Then the speaker invited all to pay one dime and see the show, and as the folks streamed in and out, the speaker continued to encourage the affish, and the newly collected crowd was hustled in precisely the same manner as the

[illegible]

Merrill on the stage. The man was forcing his way through the crowd and accidentally had hit, elbowed an elderly woman. He was around, he said, to apologize. As he did so a woman in the crowd said:

"Oh, did you see him hit me?"

This attracted the attention of every one. The man and woman were both already ready to do battle in her behalf, and they had no need of further summons. They jumped on the stage, and the man, with his hands in his umbrella, their fists and their open hands, and the woman, gasped, and he might have been, but he had no time to say so. He was too late. The Sea Beach Police special policeman had already taken the man away.

The old lady decided that she didn't think the man meant any harm, and declined to make a charge against him. He went out his way without a hat.

All the railroads and steamboats did a big business in the summer months. The big passenger trains every fifteen minutes. The big Sea Beach depot was crowded with outgoing

Only one accident was reported. Joseph Coakley, 3 years old, of Yonkers, fell off the steps of the old iron Pier and broke his left arm.

**The Rev. Dr. Robbins Injured.**

GREENFIELD, Mass., Sept. 8.—The Rev. Dr. Francis L. Robbins of Philadelphia fell down stairs at his summer home, breaking his left wrist and badly bruising his head and body. The house is to be opened to-morrow as the new Franklin County House. Dr. Robbins cannot be moved for several days, and he will be the first patient in the hospital.

---

**IMITATION OF**

**BASS & CO'S PALE ALE.**

JOHN H. SULLIVAN of the City of Albany, by Adverses of the Supreme Court, dated June 10, 1895, was Forever Enjoined and Restrained from selling, or exposing for sale, liquids in bottles marked "Bass & Co's Pale Ale," or any liquid in bottles bearing the name or label of Bass & Co., or any colorable imitation thereof.

**CAUTION.**

We hereby caution all persons against the selling of any ale or beer as "Bass Ale" which is not the product of Hines, Ratcliff & Grettton, Ltd., as any infringement on the rights of Hines, Ratcliff & Grettton, Ltd., will be vigorously prosecuted.

**HENRY T. NICHOLS & CO.,**  
58 BROAD ST., N. Y.

**GENERAL AGENTS IN THE  
UNITED STATES OF  
HARR. BATHCLIFF & GRETTON, LTD.**

---

**Horses, Carriages, &c.**

---

**PETER C. KELLOR & CO., Auctioneers,**  
will sell  
**WEDNESDAY, 11th DECEMBER 11, 1885,**  
at 11 o'clock, at  
**FLEETWOOD DRIVING PARK,**  
New South.

---

**FORTY HEAD OF TUTTING STOCK,**  
property of  
**MICHAEL D. DARLEY,**  
Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y.,  
including the  
**WELLSINGTON, GUY WINNEAM**  
and companions.

---

**HONEYWOOD, of the same stud, including 2 1/2 Mares**  
**BROWN B. E. 2183, 1 1/2 Mares, 2 1/2 Mares, &c.**  
See also the above.

---

Several other Grand Horses.

and preceding youngsters, comprising the lot of GUY WILKES, PRENTISS, ST. BEL, RED WILKES, ALACANTAGA, SULTAN, ONWARD, JAY GOULD, etc., which may be seen at Flamingo Bowling Park on and after Thursday, Sept. 7.

For catalogue and address the auctioneers, at 197 John St., New York.